Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS. PUBLISHED EVERY WEEK.

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THE DAYS THAT LIVE.

BY IDA WHIPPLE BENHAM.

BEARING their burdens with them pass the days
In storm and sunshine down the trodden ways;
Some light with laughter, heavy some with tears,
They slip into the past, their joys and fears
Vanishing with them—perished from the earth,
Leaving behind them scarce a shadow's worth
Of reminiscence.
Wouldst thou then be wise?
Redeem the days with wholesome sacrifice
Of work—let some good deed the hours delay,
And give historic record to the day.
So shall it live by what thy hand hath wrought,
Or heart resolved, or lips in reverence taught.
Yea, give thy days to God, and they shall bloom
In light beyond the darkness of the tomb.

CUTTING HIS EYE-TEETH.

BY FRANK W. CALKINS.

"HULLOO, Alf; goin' to the fair to-day?"

Alf looked up from his work outside the stock-yard, where he was cutting up pumpkins from a huge pile beside the fence and throwing the pieces over to a lot of sleek, fat calves that were busily eating inside. Seeing Mose Watkins seated upon one of Myers's ponies out in the road, he dropped the corn-cutter with which he had been slashing the big pumpkins, and straightened himself up with a jerk.

"Yes, I'm a-going," he called. "Just you tie your pony to the cow-yard fence, Mose, and wait till I finish feedin' the calves an' change my clothes, an' I'll ride up with you. 'Twont take me more'n fifteen minutes."

"Reckon I wont light," answered Mose. "Hustle yar boots 'n' I'll sit here till ye come out."

"All right," returned Alf, and he fell busily at his work again.

Mose threw his right leg around the pommel of his saddle, and, settling himself back until his elbows rested upon his knees and his chin upon his hands, awaited in this comfortable position.

Moses Watkins, better known in Herdland Township as "Myers's herder," was a young fellow from nowhere in particular that any body in the neighborhood had been able to find out, who was employed by Jim Myers, and had been for several seasons, to "run" the township herd upon the uncultivated "land grant sections" which a certain extensive and extremely selfish corporation were allowing to lie idle in order to profit by a rise in value.

Mose had already gained a bad name in the neighborhood. He was known to be a frivolous fellow and a great spendthrift, who laid out his wages, as fast as they were paid him, in old watches, cheap jewelry, revolvers, and various trinkets which he happened for the moment to fancy. These things only served to amuse him for a short time, when they were either traded for other articles of as little value or given away to such of the neighboring boys as he happened to like.

Although Mose had known Alf Nicholson only six or eight months, he had yet taken such a sudden liking to the boy, who was several years his junior, that he had already presented him with a revolver which Alf kept carefully hid from his parents, an "oreide" watch-chain, a silver ring, and two or three steel traps. Of course, Alf's heart was won; what boy's would not have been by such generosity.

The intimacy of these two, however, was a source of great annoyance to Mr. Nicholson, who used often to caution Alf against getting into the "ways of Mose," and to tell him that he had better not go much about with "sech fellows."

"Wish't there wasn't any o' them railroad sections 'ithin forty miles of us," he used to say to his wife, "er els't Myers 'u'd hire a different sort of herder. Alf has altogether too much to say to that Mose Watkins when he goes out evenin's to fetch in the cows."

"O I can't see any harm in Mose," his wife would say, indifferently. "I'll risk Alf with him. Guess we haint got any children but's smart enough to take care o' themselves."

Mrs. Nicholson was one of those persons who are slow "to see any harm."

This morning when Mose hallooed, Alf's father was out in the field busily "shocking" corn, and Alf, who had obtained leave of absence to attend the county fair that day, was only too glad of the herder's company across the twelve miles of prairie which lay between his home and the county seat, Climax.

In about twenty minutes he was ready to start, and, dressed in his "store suit," rode one of his father's horses out of the yard and joined Mose in the road.

"Don't fergit them things I give ye the money fur, Alf," called Mrs. Nicholson, in a parting injunction as the two set off at a gallop up the road.

It was about eleven o'clock when the two boys reached Climax, a lively little prairie town, "booming" just then and big with the importance of two new railroads.

The streets were especially lively and crowded that forenoon, as the farmers and their families for miles about had come in to attend the afternoon races on this the last day of that session of the county fair. "Main Street" was lined with all sorts of wagons and turnouts.

There were scores of women carrying babies along the sidewalks and street crossings, and bevies of young girls fluttering in calico and ribbons from one point of interest to another. And there were also a large number of young fellows dressed in their "Sunday best," with wide-brimmed wool or straw hats and neckties of flaming blue or red, who walked smartly about or loafed on the corners smoking "two for a nickel" cigars, and there were other honest-looking youths who sauntered along, wide-eyed, doing nothing but looking.

Alf and Mose tied their horses to a loose wagon in one of the back streets, and then moved about among the crowds until the jingling of a restaurant bell admonished them of the dinner hour, when they went into a lunch-room, where each bought and ate an astonishing amount—considering the price, which was only a "quarter"—of beef sandwiches, cheese, and cookies, after which they indulged in a dessert of a pound of "tame" grapes.

As they worked their way out of the restaurant, which by the time they had finished was jammed with people lunching,

they heard some one bawling out in a loud, haranguing tone away up the street.

They looked in the direction of the sounds, and saw a crowd of men and boys gathering about some one who stood high upon the seat of a light spring wagon, with one hand resting upon the top of what looked like a huge tin milk-can, while with the other he gesticulated in a most lively fashion.

"Come on, Alf," said Mose, "let's run up there 'n' see what's the rumpus. A big speech, I reckon."

And they hurried toward the speaker and the crowd he was attracting. As they drew near and mingled with others about the wagon, they noticed that there was another man in the vehicle, sitting upon the farther end of the seat, and holding tight reins over a pair of restive black horses that were hitched to it.

"And now, gentlemen," the speaker was saying as the boys came up—he was a smooth-faced, sleek-looking fellow —"now, gentlemen, I've made my little preliminary speech, told you several stories, and sung you a song; I'll jest let you all into the secret of my business here."

Here, while the crowd, mostly boys, looked on in open-mouthed wonder, the stranger—for such he evidently was—proceeded to lift a cover from the big can, which disclosed a square rim around the top of an inch or more in thickness and several inches in depth. He then handed the cover down to the driver, who stowed it under the seat, and took from out the top of the can a painted and enameled box, about the size of a cigar-box, opened the cover, and holding it down and turning about displayed to the crowd on all sides a lot of glittering jewelry.

"You see all this fine jewelry, gentlemen," he said, lifting from the box a number of brilliant—too brilliant—chains, with charms, lockets, and rings attached. "I have here some of the finest chains, lockets, rings, and charms ever offered for sale in the United States, solid *Roman* gold that will wear your life-time and your children's after you—yes, an' your children's children to the fourth and fifth generations; and this jewelry, my friends, I'm *actually going to* GIVE A-W-A-A-A-Y! Think of it! But, gentlemen, you'll natcherly feel skeptical over such a magnificent offer, but don't hurry away, an' I'll immejitly explain. You see it happens like this: Right after the Chicago fire, which awful calamity you all remember so well, a crotchety old chap who lives in our town—down in Freeport, Ill.—went up there an' bought a tremenjous big bankrupt stock of jewelry. The old chap was as rich as *Cresap*, but he had strange crotchets in his head, an' one of 'em was that the gold-mines in all the world was a-going to soon play out, and then he thought when there wasn't any more to be got from the bowels of the earth, and all the nations began to howl for more money, he could just chuck his big heap of gold jewelry into the smeltin' pots an' supply the world with money. You see he didn't want any more money *himself*, but he was just a-sufferin' for *fame*. Well, they struck gold after that in the Black Hills, an' they struck it in Leadville, an' they struck it in Gunnison, an' in a dozen other places, and the old gentleman was badly left on *that* scheme. But, as I said before, the old man's head is full of crotchets, an' his latest is that he is goin' to become a great *philanthrofist* an' do good to his fellow-men. An' now, to show you that he's jest as queer in his way of doin' it as he is in any of his other notions, I'll explain the system: You see before me here, gentlemen, this big can, which I call the can of fortune, and this large rim around its top, which I now uncover and which I call the wheel of fortune. As I draw this inner cover from the rim, which is really a wheel revolvin' around the top of the can, it looks to you like a small cirkelar post-office with thirty-six little delivery boxes, each containin' a sealed envelope. As I set this wheel of fortune a-revolvin' it brings the little post-office boxes, one after another, around a-facin' each of you, an' you see that there's only one envelope in each box. Well, now then, I have in the bottom of this wagon a lot of small, slender buggy-whips (here he took several from the driver, who handed them up to him), and the plan of our great distribution is just this: For the small sum of one dollar I am to let any gentleman in this party take his choice of any of the elegant pieces of jewelry or of any other contained in the can of fortune, and at the same time I'm to put in his hand one of these whips. What for? you natcherly ask; and my reply is, that after I've thus disposed of a number of chains, lockets, rings, etc., and have distributed whips to all the takers of such jewelry, then each lucky man or boy who holds a whip is to choose one o' the boxes in the wheel of fortune and put the tip of his whip on it and the sealed envelope an' all there is in it shall be his. 'Yes, but,' you ask, 'what'll there *be* in it?' Gentlemen, there's mighty apt to be a greenback in it, rangin' all the way from a two to a twenty dollar bill—a crotchet, gentleman, of the old Freeport fellow, who don't want to make you *seem* to be charity subjects, but wants you to test your faith in him by the only way it can be tested on short notice and no acquaintanceship; not, however, that we claim *every* envelope has money in it; you couldn't expect that when for one dollar you're getting a piece of jewelry that you can easy sell or trade for from two to five times as much, accordin' to the sharpness of the seller or trader. But, gentlemen, I've talked long enough, and soon you'll all want to go to the races, and I'm anxious to do you all some good before you go—all the good I can, in fact; that's what I'm here fur.

"Now, then, gentlemen, who'll step right up here an' take one o' these chains, rings, or lockets for a dollar, and take a whip with it, and try his chance for a small fortune? *Who'll* come up here 'n' *show his faith by his works?* CHAINS and CHARMS for your watches, *gentle*MEN! LOCKETS an' RINGS for your GIRLS, young fellows! WHO'LL step up here 'n' be the lucky drawer of a prize?"

And he leaned over toward those nearest him, holding out in one hand a bundle of slender whips, and in the other dangling several showy chains and lockets.

"Beautiful jewelry," he said, while a benevolent, admiring smile spread itself over his smooth, womanish face. "Beautiful jewelry; you want some of it, young men."

There was now a dense crowd about his wagon, mostly boys and young men, standing up close to the wheels, and the wide-brimmed hats and smart neckties were thickest in the front ranks.

The towns-people, merchants and clerks especially, were nearly all at their places of business, and so the crowd was made up mostly of outsiders, who were not "up to" this kind of enterprise, and who stood gaping up at the jewelry man with wondering, and some of them with half-credulous faces.

The alert eyes of the charitable vender of chains and charms scanned closely the upturned faces of those nearest him, until at last, by a species of instinct, they alighted and rested confidently upon the oblique and excited visage of "Myers's herder."

Mose was, as a matter of course, in the very front rank, whither he had edged his way followed by Alf.

"You're the man," said the dispenser of charity, giving Mose a knowing and confiding look. "*You* know a good article of jewelry when you see it, and *you're* not afraid to invest, I'll warrant."

"You bet I aint," answered Moses, immensely flattered at being thus singled out a shrewd fellow who knew a good bargain when he saw it. "Here's your dollar, mister, an' if ye please I'll take that big watch-chain with the squar' links; that's the one. Now gimme a whip an' I'll go for that post-office."

There was a laugh at this, and then the fellow began talking with might and main, and sales followed rapidly on all sides.

"Another sharp fellow, *you bet ye*, a man that knows what he's about," etc.

Such was the bait he flung out, and soon there were a dozen young fellows—yes, and some old ones—standing up close against the wagon with the tips of their whips against

spaces in the wheel of fortune, and all waiting with eager faces to see what the drawing would bring forth.

"Aint my chain a beauty?" whispered Mose to Alf, holding it up in his left hand for inspection. "Tell you what," he continued to the hesitating and doubtful lad, who stood admiring the chain, "you jest better chip in here 'n' make a haul while it's a-goin'."

"I only brought a little change besides the money mother give me to git things with, or I would," returned Alf.

"Too blamed bad," said Mose. "I only brought a dollar an' a half, all I could worm out of stingy ol' Myers this mornin'."

"Give you a dollar for your chance, young man."

The two friends looked up. It was Mose to whom the remark had been addressed. The jewelry man stood with the end of his forefinger upon the top of the box upon which Mose held his whip, and was looking coolly down at him.

"Will you take it?" he asked.

There was a ripple of excitement through the crowd.

"No," answered Mose, "I wont."

"Dollar an' a half?"

"No!"

Increased excitement.

"Two dollars?"

"No sir-ree."

"Take it then, lucky fellow," and he drew out the envelope and reached it down to Mose, who tore it open hastily and took out with a gleeful shout a crisp two-dollar greenback.

"Hurrah!" he yelled, "I've won."

"Of course you have," answered the peddler, while the crowd surged excitedly in a jam about the wagon, and then he followed with his finger the line of whips about the wheel of fortune, bidding on each envelope in turn.

None of the holders sold, and several of them drew small sums of money, one young fellow getting a five dollar bill. By the time the next sale began the crowd seemed collectively to have lost its head, and every space which could be got at upon the wheel of fortune was taken.

Alf had lost all doubt in the light of Mose's success, and had purchased a *gold* locket with a lady's chain attached, which he decided he should give to his sister.

"I'm going to sell out the very first bid," he said to Mose, "for I can't afford to take any chances on losing mother's money."

But the bid was not forthcoming, nor, when he came to draw was there any thing in his envelope.

"Better luck next time, my lad," said the jewelry man. "I can't bid every turn of the wheel. Aint got time."

This time Mose, too, failed to get any thing, though several of the crowd were lucky and the excitement still ran high.

The peddler only bid on the envelopes—for the spaces had been filled with new ones as fast as the others were drawn—occasionally, and then when the parties sold to him, as some of the shrewder ones did, he immediately took out the envelope and showed their mistake by drawing forth a five, ten, or twenty dollar bill.

Alf, after losing two dollars, had but one left, and, desperate in the thought that he was buying jewelry—the value of which he had by this time begun seriously to doubt—with his mother's money, determined to try once again, and risk the last dollar on the possible chance of retrieving the whole.

He lost again. In fact, every body was losing now.

Mose was terribly excited, and in great anger. He had lost both the dollars he had won. He was in a fury, and his voice grew louder and louder.

"Nuthin' but old brass rings an' chains!" yelled the exasperated herder. "The fellow's a swindler; a miserable thief."

By this time the drawers of prize money, eager to win more, had lost all they had made, and others had lost much without winning at all. A wonderfully charitable scheme, indeed! The buying suddenly ceased, and Mose's cry was taken up by the crowd.

"SWINDLER! THIEF!" they shouted, and those nearest the wagon surged to and fro, making angry demonstrations.

The sharper rapidly stowed away his jewelry, money, and whips, and then drawing from his breast pocket a fresh-looking paper, shook it at the irate mass and shouted:

"Keep back there; my business is legitimate. Here's my license from your town council!"

But they were now too angry to heed.

"Down with him!" yelled a big, red-faced man, making a dash to climb into the wagon. "Pull the scoundrel out. Bust his can o' fortune, an' git yer money back!"

There was a general howl from the mob—for such it had become—and a rush at the wagon. But the driver, who had all this time been sitting stolid and indifferent, instantly gave his horses the lines—yes, and the whip too.

He reined them to the right, and they shot, as though from a catapult, through the thinnest part of the crowd, jerking those who had seized the sides and wheels of the wagon off their feet, and piling them in a confused and struggling heap upon the ground.

Several were struck and knocked down by the horses in their swift turn, and among them Alf, over whose ankle the two near wheels of the vehicle passed as it rushed away. Mose was lucky enough to escape. The fallen ones picked themselves up, dusty, bruised, and trembling with the rage of defeat, all except Alf, whose breath had been nearly knocked out of him, and whose ankle was so benumbed with the bruising it had received that he could not get up alone.

"Here, my lad," said a big, red-faced farmer, seeing the boy unable to get to his feet, "I'll help you. I'll take you into the drug-store on the corner here, an' we'll see where you're hurt. Nothin' serious, I guess," he added, and picking Alf up as though he were a baby, he stalked into the store with the lad in his arms.

In the meantime the peddling swindler and his partner were driving away out into the south road at a flying gallop, and the crowd, finding themselves beaten, scattered and slunk away.

Mose went out to the "fair grounds" and left Alf to the care of the stranger. But the good-hearted farmer proved a kind friend, and with the help of the druggist examined Alf's hurts, bandaged his ankle, which he declared wasn't "ser'ous hurt." Then when the lad felt able to ride the kind fellow got his horse for him—for Alf had determined to go home at once and "face the music"—and then put him astride of it.

Alf was compelled to ride slowly on account of his ankle, which pained him acutely, and did not reach home until his "folks" were eating their five o'clock supper. He managed to get off his horse and tie it at the fence, and then to hobble into the house alone.

"Why, what's the matter?" asked every body in a breath.

"Pa," said Alf, instinctively appealing to that parent, "I've made an awful fool of myself, an' I'll never be seen with Mose Watkins again," and then, manfully, he told the whole story.

Mr. Nicholson listened, smiling grimly, but without a word, during the recital, and then he made just one remark:

"If you've reely cut your eye-teeth, Alf, I'll never begrudge the money you've paid for it, an' we'll say no more about it."

"But jest to think," said his wife, "when I was a needin' them spice 'n' cloves so bad, 'n' that caliker fer Matie's dress!"

Alf keeps the worthless trinkets he bought hung upon the kitchen "looking-glass," as a reminder of his resolve to keep better company, and also to keep his eyes open in the future, a resolution to which I am inclined to think he will stick.

I WILL frankly tell you that my experience in prolonged scientific investigations convinces me that a belief in God—a God who is behind and within the chaos of vanishing points of human knowledge—adds a wonderful stimulus to the man who attempts to penetrate into the regions of the unknown.—*Prof. Agassiz.*

LYRIC OF ACTION.

'Tis the part of a coward to brood
O'er the past, that is withered and dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the grand heavens o'erhead,
Whence the voice of an angel thrills clear on the soul:
"Gird about thee thine armor, press on to the goal!"

If the faults or the crimes of thy youth
Are a burden too heavy to bear,
What hope can rebloom on the desolate waste
Of a jealous and craven despair?
Down, down with the fetters of fear!
In the strength of thy valor and manhood arise,
With the faith that illumes and the will that defies.

"*Too late!*" through God's infinite world,
From his throne to life's nethermost fires—
"*Too late!*" is a phantom that flies at the dawn
Of the soul that repents and aspires.
If pure thou hast made thy desires,
There's no height the strong wings of immortals may gain
Which in striving to reach thou shalt strive for in vain.

Then up to the contest with fate,
Unbound by the past, which is dead;
What though the heart's roses are ashes and dust?
What though the heart's music be fled?
Still shine the fair heavens o'erhead;
And sublime as the angel who rules in the sun
Beams the promise of peace when the conflict is won.

—*Paul H. Hayne.*

HOW TO EARN MONEY.

BY CHARLES BARNARD.

A Lady's Work.

This is for girls. Boys should read it, because what is true of a lady is also true of a gentleman.

How odd to say a lady's work. A lady work? Yes, my girl, a lady can work and be a lady still. Are you a lady, miss? Why? Do your soft, weak hands make you a lady? Does your schooling in music, in literature, in polite manners, in petty little accomplishments make you one? Does a soft voice, do fine clothes, does money make you a lady? Do any of these things make you a lady? Not one.

You do not work. My dear girl, pardon me if I say you could not offer a more foolish reason for claiming to be a lady. If there be girls among Our Youth who wish to see how a lady may work, let me present to them the history of a lady now living in New York.

She was born in the city, was sent to good schools, and at twenty years of age found herself obliged to earn her own living. She tried a trade, but soon found that she could do better in something else. She decided she would take up what many girls would think a most unlady-like work. Indeed, her friends when they heard of it did and said every thing they could to prevent her from taking up this work. She saw all the difficulties, recognized all the objections to the work, saw plainly enough just how disagreeable much of the work would be, and went right ahead. She saw she could help herself and perhaps do good to others. First sign of a true lady—to be self-supporting. She applied to her family physician and obtained a certificate that she was well and strong and equal to considerable hard work. She applied to her pastor and obtained a certificate of good moral character. Second sign of a true lady—to be a woman sweet and good in all things.

Armed with these papers, supplied with a set of serviceable clothing and with a few dollars to buy books, she set out for a new school-house on the east side. You might be frightened to visit the place. The school-house was next the docks and opposite the black and frowning walls of one of the great public hospitals. In the school-house she found other young girls ready to enter upon a life of work and perhaps danger. They were all admitted on probation for one month, and for our lady the new strange life began. She put on a white cap and a big apron and became a servant. To whom? To the poor, the outcast, the lost creatures—broken, wounded, sick, and dying—thrown into the hospital from the slums of a great city. She was to care for these, to watch and tend them, to wash their frightful wounds, to sit by their beds, to be to them their first sight of a real lady who could help save them from their pains, their sins, even.

She was a nurse in a charity hospital. There is no need to rehearse all she did. What we wish to see is the business side of this lady's work. What did it cost her, and how did it pay, and why was it called a lady's work? It cost first of all health and strength, and, secondly, a good moral character. If she had not the last she could not enter. If she had not the first she could not have stayed in the school more than one month. It cost a few dollars, not over ten, to get the books required. The outfit of clothing cost probably not less than fifty dollars. These made her capital and stock in trade. It also cost two years' hard work and study. The work was partly by day, partly by night. For the first few months it was all by day, and took about ten hours on an average each day, with a half holiday each week. There were also lessons to be studied to prepare for an examination. The night work began at eight in the evening and lasted twelve hours every night for a whole month. After that came work by day for several months more before night work was again resumed.

At the end of a year came an examination before several doctors, and having passed this she was a trained nurse. Another year's work was still before her, and one more examination before she could graduate as a professional nurse and be able to earn money for herself. During this second year the work was sometimes changed from the hospital to private houses. If any one applied to the training-school for a nurse she might be sent to the family to take care of a private patient under the charge of some physician. Here the work might be somewhat lighter and perhaps less disagreeable at times, but would be more confining, particularly if the patient was seriously ill. There would be more comfort, less hard work, but far more responsibility.

The money-cost, or actual cash capital, for this work is small. The chief cost is the labor. For this the girl received from the very first her board, and was always sure of a good room and living as long as she remained in the business. During the first year she received about $10 a month, and this she used for clothing and other expenses, but naturally enough the expenses did not amount to this, and there was a little left at the end of the year. During the second year she actually earned her board and $20 a week, but part of this went to the school, the girl receiving only about $15 a month. At the end of the second year she graduated from the school—a lady who could work. At once she found business at the regular rates of $20 a week and board. She was now practically independent—a lady able to support herself and lay up money.

Now, my girl, you may have read of such girls before. You may know all about the business of being a trained nurse. There is much said about it in the papers, and in every large city there are one or more schools for training nurses. It costs so much to learn, so much work, study, and money, and it pays so much. This is all plain enough—perhaps not even new to you. What I wish you to observe is the unwritten history of this particular lady who became and is to-day a trained nurse. Not that it is true of her alone, but it must be true of all trained nurses who hope to succeed, and is true of all who do succeed. She was a lady. That's the point, girls, she was a lady.

The old idea of a nurse is some dreadful person, big, strong,

with a loud voice, shabby clothes, uncouth manners—a terrible creature who upsets the household and frightens the patient half to death. Better be near death's door, say some people, than have a nurse about the house. The hopeless wretch dragged from under some street-car wheels by the police, the outcast from the slums who never knew what a clean white bed means till the ambulance brought her from some awful tenement—these wrecks of humanity wake from their stupor after the sickness or accident to find by their beds a lady—no, better, a woman—quiet, skillful, tender of their hurts, calm and confident of manner, and serene of temper. No wonder they think her an angel and call her a lady. She is to them their ideal of a lady, though they could not perhaps describe a lady, and never spoke to one before. The rich girl worn down by sickness dreads the approach of the trained nurse from the hospital. She has been told they are dreadful creatures. She wakes some morning after fitful slumbers to find a lady seated by the bed. Her soft hands and quiet manners soothe at once. If it were not for the white cap she could not believe this lady is the expected nurse. These, the rich girl at home, the poor in the hospital wards, know better. They know a nurse can be a lady, that a lady can work and be a lady still.

For two years this young lady worked as a professional nurse. Hardly for a day was she idle. It became known at the office of the school that she was not alone a trained nurse, but something more. It was said her patients loved her, become her friends for life, that they would do any thing for her. She was more than a nurse—she was a dear friend and companion. Then for a few years she gave up her profession and was thrown among the most cultivated people in the city. She mingled with people of wealth and education, and was welcomed into the best society as a lady. Many heard of her as a nurse. Did they slight her or refuse to recognize her? There are people in silly old England who might have done so. Had they not known it, even they would have admitted she was a lady. Every-where she was and is respected and admired. Even to-day she returns occasionally to her work. Sometimes she works by day and is at some society reception at night. As a nurse she is invariably successful, and her patients load her with gifts and are her dearest friends.

To be a lady means not alone fine manners. It means a good heart, a desire to help and to please; it means to be unselfish, to be thoughtful of others, to be sweet and amiable of temper, and these things gain new worth and dignity by work. There are nurses who fail, who cannot find work. Such a one as this is always busy; she succeeds because she is a lady.

As a means of earning money nursing offers many advantages. It costs only a little money to begin, and it gives a living from the very start. It requires a two-years' course of practice and study, and the nurse is then able to earn about $20 a week and board. There are branches of the work that pay better still, and if after studying two years a girl wants to go on and be a physician, she will find that the time spent in the training-school is well spent. Many trained nurses have become doctors, and have found a good professional practice in a short time. In fact, women doctors are almost invariably more successful in business than men, and for a very good reason. They are ladies, and it is not by any means every young medical student who is a gentleman. Given a young lady physician and a young cub from a farm who has somehow struggled through a medical college, and put them in the same town, and in five years the girl will have all the business and the man will be driving a horse-car or starving in his office. It is the lady who wins. Of course, if the man had been a gentleman as well as student, he would have shared the practice with his lady rival, but he certainly would not have got it all and left the girl without patients. That never will happen, for people now see that for certain diseases a lady is the best nurse as well as the best doctor. No girl though need fear to become a trained nurse. She must be a lady, and get up to the top of the profession just as our lady did, and there is, you may be sure, plenty of room at the top.

GRANDMA.

Once I was young like you, my dears,
But that was a long, long time ago,
Ere the years grew into scores of years,
Ere the eye was dim, and the step was slow.
Then I was bonnie and blithe, like you;
My life-stream sang on a silver bar,
And growing old was a thing too far
To look forward to.

Do I wish I was young like you, my dears,
And back again in the long ago,
To empty my life of the fruit of years,
And lose the love that I have? Ah, no!
For all is over that might undo;
The river is still on its silver bar,
And there's sweeter youth in the land afar
To look forward to.

—*J. T. Burton Wollaston.*

NO.*

A Serial Story.

BY ROSE TERRY COOKE.

CHAPTER XV.

Jack went on with his work through the summer, now and then indulging himself with a short sail on some excursion steamer, or a brief ride on the cars to some beautiful suburb where he could have a walk in the woods and fields. He saw little of Lewis Denning, but he had made new friends of a more wholesome sort at the reading-rooms and in the Bible-class—other boys who liked as well as he to take a swim in the sparkling salt water, run races on the green turf, climb trees and hills, and do the thousand things by which boys express their healthy fun and hearty animal nature. It is just as good for boys to play ball, run races, swim, hunt, and fish as it is to read and study. A boy who grows up pale, listless, flabby, with some ache or pain forever knocking at the door of life, unable to eat wholesome food, to sleep well, play well, and work hard with his muscles as well as his brain, is a boy who is good for very little, even if he knows all that his head will hold of what books can teach. For God gives us bodies as well as minds and souls, and we should respect and care for all alike. Honor his gift of flesh and blood, boys; keep it in good order, clean, pure, and healthy, for he will ask account of that wonderful structure at your hands in the day when he requires an account of the talents, and blesses him as a good and faithful servant who can show a fervent soul, an earnest mind, and an undesecrated and honored person.

But Lewis Denning had not quite given up Jack yet. His own funds were rather low, though he had the same salary Jack had; but constant amusement, that costs something five days out of seven, soon makes an empty pocket, even if you never lay up a cent, and Lewis never did.

He thought if once he could get back into intimate terms with Jack he could borrow a little money now and then to help out his own deficiencies of that sort; so he came once in a while to the attic chamber, and Jack was hospitable to him, all the more that he had just come home from his vacation, and Lewis said he wanted to hear all the Danvers news, and intimated that it was for that reason he had come to call the first time. Then, as I said before, he came occasionally, but he did not find Jack as easy to persuade as at first; descriptions of the firemen's balls, the theater, the various shows he frequented, seemed to fall flat on Jack's ear.

* Copyright, 1886, by Phillips & Hunt.

"I saw all I want to of dancing at that theater," growled he, as Lewis was detailing to him his own delight in a great ball just given by a certain firm to their employes.

"Bless your innocent soul!" laughed Lewis, "you don't think all dancin' is like the ballit, do you?"

Lewis was not "up" in French, as he would have said.

"There's dancin' that is just as good as any thing; lots of very high-toned folks dance. Says in the Bible somewhere that David danced; I dunno as you're any better than he was."

Jack felt puzzled; he was not sure himself; he fell back on an argument that was unanswerable.

"Well, any way, I can't afford it, Lew. I'm savin' up all my extra pennies to get a bicycle next summer, they *are* such jolly fun. If I had a wheel, you see, I shouldn't have to pay fares on the railroad to go anywhere in the summer. I could just spin it out to Silver Beach, or Fresh Pond, or Hatton, or Milend in no time. I tell you there's nothin' like 'em." And Jack launched into his pet hobby with all the enthusiasm of a boy.

But after Lewis had gone, his words about dancing rankled in Jack's mind. He determined to see for himself if King David really did dance.

The psalmist was a favorite character with Jack; he had studied his life lately in the Bible-class in a general sort of way, the teacher choosing for the class such parts of David's history as made a continuous biography, and omitting detail.

The story of the little ruddy lad who herded his father's sheep upon the Syrian hills, sleeping amid their fleecy, huddled crowd at night, with the dark, starry arch above him, as an acolyte might have slept under some vast temple's dome, or leading them through green pastures to still waters, singing to his rude harp strains of praise and glory, full of the ascending sun, the moon walking in brightness, the speechless script of stars, the solemn voice of tempests, the rage of stormy seas, and recognizing in all alike the utterance of their Maker; then the wonderful call to the kingship of Israel, the private anointing, the peaceful, humble return to his flock to wait God's good time; his friendship with Jonathan, his magnanimity toward Saul, the slaughter of Goliath, the hazards, the escapes, the triumphs of his life, his tender, generous heart refusing to drink the water his faithful few had procured at the risk of their lives; his sorrows, his faults, his losses—all these had won Jack's heart to the splendid story of Holy Writ, or rather to the man himself who had sprung into royal manhood from the shepherd lad on the foot-hills of Lebanon. And now to think that David danced!

Jack had a concordance—his Bible-class demanded honest study—and this was his best help beside a few small maps. He took it out of the drawer as soon as Lewis went, and turned to the word "dance."

To his astonishment there were twenty-two references to this word in its various forms, but he did not look them all out. His searching finger stayed on "2 Sam. 6. 14. David *d.* before Lord."

Jack opened his Bible, found the place, and read:

"And David danced before the Lord with all his might; and David was girded with a linen ephod."

Jack shut the Bible; boy-like, he looked no further. He was disappointed; the only dancing he had ever seen was a wild orgie, as far removed from the lofty King of Israel as the fairy whirl of gnats in the dazzle of an afternoon's brief sunshine is from the awful march of the starry host through the midnight sky; indeed further removed, for the gnats are soulless atoms, not responsible women.

Jack felt like Michal, at once disappointed and outraged; but he did the best thing for him to do, he sat down and wrote to his mother. Happy boy, to have such a refuge! A wise and loving mother is the true vicegerent of God to her children before they have learned to know the King himself. This is what he wrote:

"Dear Mother: I'm awfully bothered; you know I told you about that horrid dancing I ran away from. Well, Lew has been to see me, and he was talking about a big ball he went to, and I guess I fired up some, and he said there was real respectable dancing; good people did it. He said King David did; that it was in the Bible. I didn't believe him, but I looked it out. Mother, he really did! I mean David. Now is it right to dance? O, I am so puzzled with things! Good-bye. This isn't a letter, you know, only a question.

"Jack."

Manice laid down the letter with a sigh. Should she tell Jack to break off his acquaintance with Lewis Denning? Would that avert the danger if he obeyed her? Satan is not so ill off for messenger boys that to get rid of one sets them all out of the way. Then it might put Lewis into that character of forbidden fruit that from Eden down has been so attractive to poor humanity.

She felt weak and incapable before this new attempt to delude her boy; she could only ask with the eagerness and stress of great need for the help that had never failed her; and when she lifted her head, calmed and strengthened, she answered Jack's question:

"My dear Boy: If you had read all that chapter in Samuel instead of one verse, you would have seen why David danced; he was so glad to get the ark, that is, the personal presence of God, back into his own city with him that he did not think of any thing but his gladness. In those old days dancing was the way in which people expressed their joy in any thing that happened, as you will see if you look out all the texts in your concordance. I have no idea that David danced as people dance now; he certainly did not do it as an amusement, but 'before the Lord' in holy joy. I have seen you skip up and down and go bounding along the road when you were happy, but that was not dancing. Michal, David's wife, who had been brought up as a princess, and did not understand or sympathize with David's rapture, despised him for expressing it in this rustic and undignified way. She thought it too like the 'vain fellows' of common people for a king, and reviled him. But David's soul was so filled with joy and love and exultation at having God with him that he did not even think of his personal dignity, or stop to consider in what way it was proper to express that delight. Dear Jack, if I could see *you* so filled with joy and gladness and welcome for the coming of God into your heart and soul I should not care if you 'danced' all the way through the city streets!

"As to the question of modern dancing, the Bible lets it alone; so will we. I never had you taught to dance, though your Uncle Jack wished it, because I thought if ever you were placed as you are now it would be a temptation to you to waste your time, at the least. So you don't know how, that is enough for you; and I think you had better let 'every man be judged of his own conscience' as to other people. Till your own garden, my son; when it bears all the fruit that it can and will, you will be fit to advise your neighbor about his.

"Your very loving Mother."

Jack gave a long sigh of relief, and inflicted the whole of his mother's letter on Lewis when he next came.

"Your mother's awful pious, aint she," Lewis commented, suppressing a yawn.

"You bet," emphatically answered Jack.

"Well, I guess you wouldn't take to balls, p'rhaps; you're such a feller to read. Do you like stories?"

"Yes. I haven't read a great many. I like books about people that travel and have adventures, like Robinson Crusoe, only more."

"Then I'll fetch you one that'll suit you to a T; it is the greatest book, 'The Horrid Hunter of Hallicash.' I bought it at an auction; it is splendid."

So Lewis brought the book, a cheap, badly illustrated story of adventure, where the hero escaped at least ten times from sudden death, sometimes by an apparent suspension of the laws of nature in his favor, sometimes by the sudden appearance of a lovely girl, a hoary hermit, or a loathly hag hopping up like a Jack-in-the-box at the most improbable

times and places. Natural history, geography, physiology, probability, even possibility, were all set at defiance, but nevertheless Jack was breathlessly interested in the dashing hunter who wore a death's-head mask to disguise his lordly countenance and alarm his enemies, and turned out at last to be an imperial prince of the House of Hapsburg.

To have tasted such an effervescent draught was to thirst for more. Again and again Jack borrowed books of the like type. Lewis represented that he got them from a private library where half a dollar a month was charged for lending them. Sometimes, too, he borrowed half a dollar or a dollar from Jack and forgot to return it—small gains to him, but better than nothing; and the books were really borrowed from his own friends, who were the sort of youth given to buying such literature.

Under this course of reading Jack grew very tired of the tedious work of his daily life; he was all the time dreaming of wild rides through forest and prairie, of encounters with rushing herds of buffalo, or shots at prowling lions. He dreamed of precipices and shipwrecks, of despair and rescue, and awoke unrefreshed. He did not like to study his Bible lesson as once he did, and the class ceased to interest him; the sermons of the pastor fell on deaf ears, for he was dreaming of adventure and prowess instead of listening to the Gospel. More than once Mr. Gray reproved him for carelessness, and still oftener the teller snapped him up for forgetting his daily duties.

One day, however, Lewis left him a book of another style, by the author of "The Horrid Hunter." Jack had been looking over his mother's letters to fix some date he wanted, and two or three lay open on the table beside him, as he eagerly turned to the new book. It is not necessary to describe or retail its contents. Their tone was new to Jack. He read a few pages, and suddenly he seemed to see that unforgotten ballet rise before him. His face burned, his soul revolted. He turned his head aside and caught at the glance one sentence from one of his mother's letters, "Jack, be careful what you read!" and crash went the book through the window out onto the roof of the next house.

He felt poisoned, and he was, but not fatally; for the draught had not been sweet to him, and he had discovered its venom soon. He had to pay for the book and replace the broken glass, but it was a small fine of deliverance. He had broken the net, though with torn hands in the effort, and it was many months before his mind recovered its natural healthy tone, or ceased even against his struggling will to recall words and ideas that never should have been imprinted on it. Well says the Arab proverb, "There are three things that return not: the spoken word, the sent arrow, and the lost opportunity."

[*To be continued.*]

CALLED BACK TO LIFE BY THE LILIES.

"With fragrant breath the lilies woo me now."

It seems strange that one could be brought back to life by a bunch of flowers, back from the gates of death by the sweet Easter lilies that spoke to the dying child long after she had ceased to notice our presence or to answer our calls. The ministry of these flowers and of the givers was so sweet that their story seems worth the telling.

While pastor of one of the large churches of this city, after preaching one Sabbath a sermon on "The ministry of little things," a group of girls asked the pastor for some work to do, some plan by which in a small way they could be useful. It was arranged that they should seek from their friends, who had means, a small offering of five cents a week from each, and that the money should be used first to furnish flowers every Sabbath for the pulpit, and then at the close of the day the bouquet was to be sent to any one in the congregation who might be sick. The girls were then about fifteen years of age, and seven of them banded together under the name of "The Flowerets." They retained their organization for years, and no one can tell the good they accomplished. The silent teachers by the pulpit afforded many an illustration to the pastor and many a happy thought to the worshipers as they lifted their pure sweet censers, filled with perfume, "to the bountiful Giver above." Who can tell the silent power of such sweet forces working upon our outward senses, to prepare us for a spiritual service? Who can know their encouragement and blessing to those who needed their beautiful lesson on Providence, of the care of him who surely will not forget his children when he so carefully arrays the lilies in a vesture and glory more wonderful than that of Solomon. As Mrs. Hemans has so beautifully written in her sonnet "To the Lilies of the Field,"

> "The great ocean hath no tone of power
> Mightier to reach the soul in thought's hushed hour
> Than yours, ye lilies, chosen thus and graced."

But it was in the sick-room and to the suffering that the flowers brought their dearest, sweetest ministries. It is always blessed to feel that we are kindly remembered by the good, and when the church flowers were sent it seemed as though each of them had a voice of love from the people, and they brought the happy tears to many an eye, and hope to many a despondent heart. They seemed to bring the heavenly light and fragrance of the prayers and sermons and songs of the sanctuary into the sick-room.

> "Flowers are love's truest language: they betray,
> Like the divining rods of magi old,
> Where precious wealth lies buried, not of gold,
> But love, strong love, that never can decay."

The pastor often heard the story of the flowers, and was made happy by the good work being done by the children. They soon enlarged their plan to send flowers through the week to every scholar of the Sunday-school who might be sick, and occasionally to the wards of the children's hospital in that part of the city. It was suggested that so far as possible they carry the flowers themselves to the homes of the sick, and when it would be safe and wise, when the sick became convalescent, that two of them should call in person and express their interest and sympathy. They were allowed to visit and read to the children in the sick ward of the hospital, for no contagious diseases were treated there. Unfortunately this hospital was soon removed to another part of the city. The plan met with the favor of friends, money was gathered without difficulty, and it would be hard to tell who received the greater good, the sick who enjoyed the flowers or this noble band of girls who sent them to these homes with their prayers and love. It was a constant blessing and education to the girls, and every one of them is a nobler, truer woman for this sweet charity. And they had the unmeasured good of the presence of the angels who bless the thoughtful, kindly ones who minister to the sick.

It often happened that the girls in charge that week would come to the pastor at the close of the Sabbath evening service to know who was sick, and if no one was specially ill, then the flowers would be sent to some dear aged saint with the card that always accompanied them, "From the Flowerets of —— Church, with love and prayers;" or they would be sent to some sad home, out of which a loved one had lately been removed by death. They never came with formal, unmeaning words, or intrusive presence, but with the pure, sweet benedictions of sympathy and children's love.

The pastor's silent joy, standing unseen and unknown behind the children, guiding the gift, was like that of the Father's above, "who worketh in us to will and do his own good pleasure;" but the blessings and the good were the children's, the reward was their due.

One dark, dreary night the girls came with the familiar question, and the pastor offered himself to be the messenger and carry their flowers to the house of Brother K——, whose bright and beautiful little girl was dying with that fearful scourge, diphtheria. The father had been stricken down with a kindred disease, Willie, their only boy, had been sent away,

and day and night the mother had watched and prayed until hope had almost died. It seems cruel how we leave people alone at such a time, and when they most need human sympathy and help that none is near. The pastor was the only one in the neighborhood, except the doctor, who visited the family, and the pastor only when no visit was to be made elsewhere that day. Annie had grown steadily worse until, as a last resort, the doctor had cut into the throat as low down as possible and inserted a silver tube, through which the child could breathe even after the upper part of the throat had been closed. But the cruel disease went on, and hope was gone. The scene of that night will never be forgotten. The pale, thin, suffering child was surely going out on the ebb tide, and before morning would be out on the shoreless sea of eternity. For hours she had taken no medicine, had responded to no voice, and was as silent as death, save the low, labored breathing, which grew shorter every hour. It needed no skill to take in at once the serious danger of the child. As we bowed by her bed-side we prayed as only those can pray who intensely love and long for the life of the child; but we prayed most of all for submission to the will of God and grace to bear the burden whose dark shadows were already upon that home.

The flowers had been almost forgotten, and after prayer they were uncovered and given to the mother, who placed them on a stand near the head of the bed. The bouquet that day was made up of a large bunch of Easter lilies, and as they stood near the child we could not but think of Leigh Hunt's words:

> "We are lilies fair,
> The flowers of virgin light;
> Nature held us forth and said,
> 'Lo, my thoughts of white.'"

But they were not so white or sweet as the dear child that seemed to be going from us to be planted in the garden above. As we sat in the dim light around her bed in an almost unbroken silence, each of us communing with our sad thoughts, the mother noticed a movement on the part of the child that indicated partial consciousness. The strange penetrating odor of the lilies had reached farther into her brain than our voices, and had roused the fading senses of the child, and for a moment the mother had her attention and interest; and in response to the half-spoken, half-looked question of Annie told her that "The Flowerets" had sent to her the Sabbath flowers. The sweet smile of the child showed that she knew what they were and whence they came.

The thing the physician most desired—the child's interest, the consenting will—had been reached just before her senses had closed to earth. We cannot tell the order in which our senses cease to act, but with Annie the voices of the odors of the lilies were more potent than those of sound. The subtle influence of strong will, of pervasive hope, of intense personality, of mighty earth-drawing faith, may be felt and obeyed in the secret chambers of a child's soul. These may be the real means that God uses to heal the sick.

And the silent odor of the flowers with their sweet message of love again and again spoke to the weary child and roused her attention, and drew her mind back toward earth and home. Slowly drifting out, it was just enough to reach the weakened will. It was a tiny cable that held her, but the language of the flowers was enough, and, with roused interest and attention, the physician's remedies seemed to have new power, and slowly but surely, day after day, she came back to life and health again. And the pastor and the mother have never ceased to believe that the Easter lilies were the means that God used to save her life. Strangely, the disease left none of its usual traces in her system, and only the scar on her neck tells to-day the story of her sickness. Within the next two years the pastor was permitted to receive both Annie and Willie into the membership of the Church, and they both give bright promise of future usefulness.

There is a work for other children in every church like to that of "The Flowerets." Almost all have an intense love for flowers, and when they come to us as the gift of friends they seem to speak in both the language of earth and heaven. Of such sweet gifts it is doubly true, as Wordsworth sings, that

> "the meanest flower that blows can give
> Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears."

MOTHER'S GIRL.

She looks into my faded face,
My bonny little lass!
But does not see the wrinkled place
Where time's rough footsteps pass;
She measures me by love's own rule,
And thinks "Mamma is beautiful."

. . . . . .

She looks at me with serious eyes,
My bonny little lass!
Right up to mine the sweet thoughts rise,
That through her lashes pass;
She pats my cheek with smile and nod,
And softly asks, "Does you know God?"

And, though I cannot answer her,
My bonny little lass!
Queer little questions quaintly stir
The rippling words that pass;
"Is God a Quaker? 'cause, you know,
He thee's and thou's the verses so."

She holds her head against my heart,
My bonny little lass!
Her eyelids droop, her tired lips rest,
Her thoughts to dreamland pass;
While bending down to kiss that curl,
I hear her whisper, "Mother's girl!"

—*Julia H. May, in Good Housekeeping.*

HOW PAPER MONEY PERISHES.

The story of the tramp who came into a bank one day and asked the cashier to let him look at a $10 bill is no doubt familiar to all.

"What do you want to see a $10 bill for?" inquired the official.

"Well, it's so long since I've seen one, I didn't know but they were out of circulation. Thanks. Good-day."

This tramp, who seemed to take so great an interest in the national currency, probably would have looked with mournful curiosity at the operation described in this extract from an exchange:

When national bank notes become too old, dirty, or ragged to remain longer in circulation they are sent to the Treasury of the United States for redemption. After they have been counted three times by clerks in the Treasury Department, and again by an agent of the bank, they are placed in charge of a committee composed of three gentlemen—one representing the Secretary of the Treasury, one the Comptroller of the Currency, and one the Treasurer of the United States; also a fourth who is the agent of the bank. By this committee the money is taken in locked boxes to the sub-basement of the Treasury Building, where it is locked in a dome-shaped receptacle called a macerator, in which plays a revolving wheel armed with sharp blades or knives. The notes are saturated with water, and then the wheel is set in motion, run by a powerful steam-engine, and soon the hundreds of thousands of dollars' worth of notes are reduced to a soft pulp of a greenish-gray color. It is then sent to the Bureau of Engraving and Printing (a branch office of the Treasury, which is in another building), where the water is pressed from it and the pulp, being passed around huge rollers, becomes large sheets of coarse paste-board, when it is in a convenient shape for transportation.

United States notes, and all other United States securities, are macerated at the Bureau of Engraving and Printing by a different process, in which chemicals are used. The committee to supervise this part of the work is composed of a representative of the Secretary of the Treasury, the United States Treasurer, and the Register of the Treasury, with a fourth who represents the people at large, which last position is now filled by the Hon. John Tyler, son of ex-President Tyler.

Both kinds of pulp (called in that state, I believe, "paper stock") are sold to the highest bidder per ton, but the Government puts it into the shape of paste-board before delivering it to the purchaser.

SINGULAR SIGNS.

In the railway carriages running between Calais and Paris there used to be a peculiar device for summoning the guard or conductor. Behind a small glass window in the wall of each compartment dangled a ring fastened at the end of a cord. Below, in French, German, and English, was the following notice:

"Should at any time the presence of the guard be deemed necessary, the passenger will please break the glass, pull the cord, and agitate his arms out the right-hand window according as the train is going."

A very pleasant operation, surely, affording all the excitement of a burglary and riot.

The following extract from a traveler's experience, shows that English signs abroad are sometimes as remarkable for their phraseology as for their information:

The specimens of bad English that one remarks in Spain and Italy do not commonly come directly from that language, but have been sifted through the French. The following advice to travelers to look out for the Vesuvius guides, a class that will certainly bear watching, shows this peculiarity. The business of the guides is to conduct travelers from the upper terminus of the cable road along the path which leads to the cone, to point out to them all objects of interest, and to see that they do not run any unnecessary danger:

VESUVIUS WIRE RAILWAY.

NOTICE.

The Vesuvius guides acknowledge by the company are only those who have a number of recognition at the bonnet and an inscription, *Guida del Vesuvia*. Travelers are earnestly requested to remember that number of recognition to the guide who escort them, and to declare it if they have any complaint to do; differently the company will be in the impossibility to pursue such reclaimation. THE DIRECTION.

STUCK TO THEIR POSTS.

Shoemaker's wax has long done service in attaching to his chair the careless subject of a practical joke, but it never accomplished any thing which can compare with the scene described in the following extract from the "London Record." We have heard of eloquence which kept people spell-bound, but never of a sermon which held a congregation so perfectly as that herein described:

The Liverpool "Daily Post" informs its readers that a very painful scene occurred in a village near Liverpool on a recent Sunday. It seems that the church has been lately undergoing repairs. Among other improvements a new coat of paint was placed on the pews, followed by a coat of varnish; the result was most pleasing to the eye, but unfortunately the varnish had been applied so late in the week that it had no time to become hard before Sunday, when the congregation flocked to their seats. No apparent inconvenience was suffered until the clergyman was about to deliver the benediction, when the congregation were horrified to find that they were unable to stand up—they were, in fact, glued, or rather varnished, to their seats. Their spasmodic efforts to rise were most distressing to witness. In vain did the clergyman exhort them from the pulpit to resignation. They were seized with a kind of panic, all the more frightful because they were for the moment powerless. At last, by what seemed to be a simultaneous and herculean jerk, they managed to tear themselves from their sittings, but at what a sacrifice! The pews were literally covered with Sunday apparel; shreds of silk, lawns, calico, broadcloth, and cassimere were left as souvenirs of the tenacity of varnish used in beautifying the church, and the hapless congregation, rushing from the doors, hurried homeward with an expression on their faces as though their hearts were even more severely rent than their garments.

POLITIC MR. TILDEN.

This anecdote of the late ex-Governor of New York reminds us strongly of the story of a man who went to market to buy chickens. He asked the dealer for all the tough old hens and roosters he had, saying that he wanted them for a boarding-house. The chicken-merchant made a pile of dubious-looking fowls for the customer.

"Are they all you have?" asked the purchaser.

"Yes."

"Well, give me two of the other lot, please."

The application of this story to the following anecdote from the "Albany Argus" is evident:

At one time a well-to-do farmer came into the executive chamber to see Governor Tilden. He was affably received, told to be seated, and from a talk about crops the conversation gradually drifted into politics. The farmer was very intelligent upon this topic. Governor Tilden quickly saw that he could make this stranger a firm friend.

"Have you any sons?" he asked.

"Yes, four," replied the stranger. "There is William, Robert, Henry, and Charles."

"All Democrats?" queried Mr. Tilden.

"All except William," was the reply.

"Have you a notary public in your village?" asked Mr. Tilden.

"I don't know that we have," was the answer.

After a further conversation, the stranger left. In a few days there came to the village post-office a large official envelope addressed to William, the Republican son. It was opened in the family circle and found to contain a notary's commission with a huge seal, and William's name finely engrossed as a notary public for the village. To the commission was the written autograph of Samuel J. Tilden. The surprise was as great as if William had received a commission as Minister to France. After that there were four Democratic sons in that family circle, and with the "old man" Governor Tilden had five of the firmest friends in the State. And all it cost was a little inquiry and a three-cent stamp to send the commission to the newly appointed notary.

A NEW STEAMBOAT.

The new model of a steamboat which is described in the following extract from the "Cleveland Leader," among other radical features, is to have pushing-poles on her bottom. It may not be remembered that the first locomotive was built on this principle. The cars in the English mines were propelled often by men who sat on the car and pushed with their feet. Some one conceived the idea of making steam-legs to do the pushing, and put his plan into operation. The wear and tear on the track alone showed the folly of this plan. How these steam-legs will work on a boat is a question which will be decided, together with several others, when this new boat shall have made a trial trip:

An order for iron plates was given to a rolling mill yesterday by John Dougherty, of Mount Union, Pa., for use in an experiment which is expected to revolutionize travel by water. The plates are to be used by Mr. Dougherty in constructing the folding paddles for a patent rapid-transit steamboat, which he is about to build on the Alleghany River. When completed the boat will make a trial trip to New Orleans to prove the practicability of Mr. Dougherty's idea. The boat which is to test the usefulness of this patent is to be 33 ft. wide, 165 ft. long on the water-line, and 175 or 180 ft. long on the deck, and will be built entirely of wood. Its weight without the engine will be about 45 tons. Its draft of water will be less than six inches. On each side of it will be two folding paddles sinking deep into the water, the paddles will open when going forward, so that they will move the largest body possible, but the change to the backward motion will, by the agency of springs, close the paddles and thus reduce the resistance to a minimum. There will also be under the center of the vessel two propelling poles which are intended to drive the vessel through shoal water by striking the bottom of the river.

Mr. Dougherty calculates that his patent will so greatly increase the speed of traffic on the river that he will be able to make the trip from Vicksburg to New Orleans and back in a week, the time now taken by the fastest boats to make the round trip to Cincinnati. The present venture is made on a river not because the inventor believes that folding paddles cannot be used on the ocean, but because he wishes to make his first trial on water free from waves. When he once puts his principle successfully into practice he will set to work to apply it to ocean travel. He is confident that he will be able to reduce the time occupied in crossing the Atlantic by the shortest route, that from Southampton to Halifax, to twenty-four hours, and that from New York to Calcutta to ten days.

MR. HOWELLS ON NOVELS.

Mr. Howells, the novelist, like many other bright writers, is not a ready talker, and it is not often that he can be prevailed upon to make a speech. The other day at a dinner he broke his rule of reticence, and said a few good things about novels, prefacing his remarks with a mention of his diffidence as a speaker:

"When I read the wonderful memoirs of General Grant," he said, "for a little time all other literature seemed so poor. But his story of one of his first engagements when in command, that he was terribly frightened until the thought came to him that the enemy was probably as much afraid of him as he was of the enemy, gives me courage to talk to you to-day. Novel reading is an inveterate habit, and it may be well to ask what works of fiction it is well to read. Among our first fictions are those of the ancients, who swapped lies as they sat in the back parlors of their caves. We should take thought of what fiction we read. We might do either one of three ways. We might read none at all; that would be prohibition. We might read only what we buy; that would be high license. We might read only good novels, and that would be temperance. But what is a good novel? My friend Cable is one of the best novelists I ever read. Mankind is better for reading works which define human sympathy and toleration. A bad novel is that which flatters and fills the reader with self-conceit. Such a book is full of mischief. A healthy novel is that which makes you think better of your neighbor and fellow-man."

Our Youth.

A PAPER FOR YOUNG PEOPLE AND THEIR TEACHERS.

JOHN H. VINCENT, EDITOR.

Price, $1 25 a year for single subscription. Special rates to clubs of ten or more.

[*Entered at the New York Post-office for transmission through the mails at second-class rates.*]

BRAKEMEN are near the bottom of the scale in the list of railroad officials. They are in the opinion of some quite "cheap fellows." They get poor pay, do very plain work, are not easily promoted. The brakeman of to-day is like an old-fashioned tow-path boy in the canal times. He gets hard knocks and meager financial reward. But a tow-path plodder became a President of the United States. And there are men, once brakemen, who now stand high in business and in social circles. We believe in brakemen—in those of them who succeed; and we have large sympathy with those worthy representatives of the calling who never rise above simple brakemanship.

THE position is not as dangerous, nor its work as difficult, as formerly. Once brakemen were required to put on the brakes at every station, night or day, hot or cold. Now, owing to the air-brake and other inventions, the labor is lightened, the peril reduced, and perhaps with this the pay also comes down. But we still keep an interested eye on brakemen, and we scarcely ever travel by rail without giving some thought to them. They come in and go out of the car. They pass through in the discharge of official duties. People think very little about them. Few travelers sympathize with them. Few brakemen have kind words spoken to them. And if a life of neglect and unspoken contempt tends to the deterioration of humanity it is no wonder that brakemen are sometimes regarded as very rough fellows.

MILTON COMSTOCK was a brakeman on —— Railroad. He took the place reluctantly—for a living. He did not seem to be worth much in any other place. He had little education; was not especially attractive in person, nor agreeable in manners. He was a rough, uncultured, good-natured, sensible boy, and thought the best he could do was to become a brakeman. So he secured the place, and put the badge on his cap. Milton's father, who died years before, once told him to make it a rule in life to do well whatever he undertook; and if Milton's father had lived, the boy would have had a brighter beginning for his business life, but the tombstone had for years told the wanderer through the grave-yard that James Comstock died October 6, 185–, and that was when Milton was a very small boy. But a small boy can remember, and he remembered what his father often said: "Whatever you try to do, do it well." The first thing that the boy ever tried to do was to be a brakeman. The memory of his father, and of his father's counsel, remained with Milton, and he followed that counsel in his new business.

IT is a great pity when a man fails to use his head in connection with the work of his hands; when he fancies that he can get along without thinking and reasoning. We regret to say it, but long and wide observation justifies the statement that few brakemen exercise sound judgment, good taste, and ordinary civility. They suppose, and most people suppose, that there is little demand for these higher things in such a plain and ordinary life as that of a brakeman. Milton Comstock took a different view of the position, and asked himself, as he mounted his first car, How can I do my work well? His answer was so satisfactory that in a few months he was promoted, much to his surprise, from F. B. to a P. B., that is, from a freight brakeman to a passenger brakeman. Here a wider field opened out before him—a field that was larger and that demanded more taste and tact than he had been required to exercise in his former position.

WHEN Milton took charge of the car to which he was assigned, he resolved that he would, under all circumstances, be polite and courteous, and manage to keep his car well ventilated and thoroughly clean. "The president of the road cannot do this," he said. "It is not the business of the conductor to do it. I, as brakeman, have a certain responsibility for this car, and, without overstepping the limits of my appointment, I will make passengers as comfortable as possible, whether they appreciate my service or not." There are some Americans who are indecent enough to spit on the floor of the cars. Where they use tobacco freely, this becomes an unpardonable offense against all decency.

WE sometimes feel indignant at Charles Dickens for the strong way in which, in his "American Notes," he described and denounced this American habit. But he did not in his strongest statement of the case exaggerate a particle. There are men who, sitting in a car, will so defile the floor that no lady or gentleman can occupy the seat after the foul fellow has left. Milton, who had been well brought up, detested the indecent habit we have condemned, and in a very wise and courteous way he managed to correct the evil. It cost him but little to purchase two or three cuspidors, which he kept in his car, and when any man so far forgot himself as to begin spitting on the floor Milton carried to him the cuspidor. The hint was usually sufficient, and where this method failed Milton would come with his broom and sweep the floor in the vicinity of the offender. The smiles, the thanks, the frowns, the reproofs which were kindled on every face in the neighborhood served as an indorsement to Milton, which encouraged him and gave him an added power over the disagreeable passengers. In this way Milton kept the floor of his car clean and neat, and became quite famous and popular among the ladies who were in the habit of traveling that way. It was something to him to have ladies inquire for the car on which Milton was brakeman.

HE gave careful attention to the subject of ventilation. Unfortunately, the car to which he was assigned was not one of the latest style, with its air-pipes and patent ventilators, and it became necessary for him to keep the stoves at the right temperature and the doors or windows closed or open, as occasion required, that he might preserve as nearly as possible an even temperature throughout the car. He did not, every time he came in from the platform, increase the heat of the stove because *he* was cold. He remembered that, while he had been exposed to the frost for two minutes while they stopped at a station, the passengers had been sitting

perfectly still, and though *he* was colder than when he went out, they were likely to be in very much the same condition as when he left them. All brakemen are not as wise as Milton.

It would have done you good to see the lamps in Milton's car. Every morning he cleaned and polished them thoroughly, and in the evening they were always ready—wicks well trimmed, plenty of oil, and clean globes. Bright lights gave cheeriness to the old car, and Milton moved about looking for this interest and that, until his attention to business attracted the attention of the conductor and passengers. Now and then a railway official, traveling that way, made a note of the young brakeman's habits, and, later on, that observation brought good to Milton. He took pains to pronounce with great distinctness the names of the stations, so that people could tell just what he meant to say. There are thousands of brakemen in the land from whose pronunciation an average traveler can get no information whatever. When he wanted to say "Elmira," he said "Elmira." There was music in his call.

One other charm about Milton as a brakeman was found in his politeness and in his efforts to accommodate the people. It would have done you good to see him carry out babies and bundles, with the greatest care. The nervous old lady who was afraid that she would pass her station received especial attention from the manly fellow, who would assure her that all would be right, and inform her that "In a few minutes we will be at your station. Give yourself no anxiety. I will help you out." Many a mother looked on him with admiration, and said to themselves: "If all boys would try to do their work as well and be in their service as gentlemanly as this brakeman, how much better we should get along in this work-a-day world!" Milton was a brakeman—only a brakeman—but he was on the way toward promotion, and later on he became conductor, and later on responsible passenger agent; and we shall not to-day say any thing further about him except this, that as a brakeman he was a gentleman, as a conductor he was still a gentleman, and in the community where he lives, and in the official position which he occupies, people still say of him: "What a thorough gentleman he is!"

OUR BEREAN HOMILY.

Lesson for September 19, 1886. Jesus Interceding.—John 17. 1–26.
Golden Text.—Heb. 7. 25.

Prefatory. Having won the hearts of the disciples to himself by figure of speech, full of tender meaning, and having promised them mystic help and companionship and guidance, Jesus turns his eyes heavenward to his Father, who is also their Father, and offers the wonderful prayer of the lesson.

Interrogatory. What terms in this prayer does Jesus apply to God? What facts about God's feeling and purposes can you learn in this prayer? What does the prayer contain which helps us to understand the strongest desires which Jesus felt? What does this prayer contain about "truth?" What about "unity?" What privileges and comforts for true Christians does the prayer allude to or include?

Homily. A great soul who is himself mysterious beyond our conception (mysterious even as God himself) is heard to pray. He prays to his Father—the glorious One—"the only true God." It is a wonderful prayer. You can never exhaust its meaning. Every sentence is full. Every word is weighty. It is a prayer from which one may learn something of God, something of the Son of God, and something of the human race, especially of those members of the race who are given to Christ and who have kept God's word.

This is a perfect prayer. He who made it was perfect. He was perfect in knowledge, perfect in wisdom, perfect in love, perfect in power. He prayed to a perfect Father, whose glory no human eye can look upon or human mind comprehend. The things asked for were in themselves things to be desired. Of course, it will be impossible for us in our weakness to understand the deepest meaning of these divine breathings, but in them we catch glimpses of God's character and of God's own people who love him.

It is hard to appreciate the great honor that is put upon men who become disciples of Jesus Christ. "All mine are thine, and thine are mine." "Given" of God to the Son; to be "kept;" to have Christ's "joy fulfilled in themselves;" to be "sanctified;" and to be sharers in the "glory" which the Father has given the Son; to have love, the love of God, in them—yea, more, even Christ himself in them. All this is wonderful. It is like the discovery of a millionaire's will whereby a servant becomes inheritor to a vast estate. It is like finding a crown-room dazzling with gems of rarest value. It is all "too good to be true," as we put it; but knowing who God is and what Christ has done, we know it is both good and true.

Read the one prayer, "I pray not that thou shouldest take them out of the world, but that thou shouldest keep them from the evil." Not saved out of the world, but saved in the world. Not holy by the protecting walls of a monastery, but by the sanctifying power of grace within. A life-preserver, not saved by being on a shelf in a dry place, but being dropped into the water saving others.

This prayer stretches out over all the ages, over all climes and nations, and holds in its embrace all "which shall believe on me through their word." It is a prayer for the people of the third century, and of the thirteenth century, and of the nineteenth century. It is a wonderful prayer. One seems to be looking at lofty mountains while reading it—so vast, lofty, and magnificent is it. Let us study the prayer for ourselves and get meaning out of it for our own souls.

Prayer. O Lord, give unto us "eternal life." May we "know" Thee and "Jesus Christ whom Thou hast sent." May we keep Thy word. May we be Thine. May we be kept through Thine own name. May our joy be full. May we be delivered from all evil and sanctified through Thy truth, and be "one" with all who believe in and love Thee. And may we finally be with thy Son and behold Thy glory, for His sake. Amen.

OUR NOTE-BOOK.

"An act of unpardonable vandalism," says the "Pall Mall Gazette," "is going to be committed if, as report says, the old bridge of Ayr is to be demolished. If when Burns wrote of the bridge of Ayr he could talk of the 'poor narrow footpath of a street, where twa wheelbarrows tremble when they meet,' it is not surprising that the stones are now dropping from their places, and that the auld brig is considered unsafe for traffic. But for close on 650 years it has done its work, and that surely is long enough to have earned the repose not of annihilation, but of an honored national monument. That 'conceited gowk,' the new bridge, is still quite capable of carrying all who wish to cross the Ayr, and it is difficult to understand what imperative reason there can be for destroying the 'brig of ancient Pictish race, the vera wrinkles Gothic in his face.'"

There seems to be a decided commotion in the sub-cellar of our continent. A dry geyser in the Yellowstone Park suddenly spouts afresh, an immense artesian well threatens the safety of an Iowa town, and an earthquake shakes the surface of twenty States.

The last phenomena naturally attracts the most attention. The papers are full of reports from all sections of the country, comparisons of experience are to be heard on every hand, scientific men are eagerly collecting data—in short, every one is interested in trying to learn just what has happened, why it happened, and what's going to happen next.

At present we are not prepared to answer either of these questions, nor do we entertain any satisfying hope of ever being able to give accurate information on these points.

The earthquake might be a subject for levity were it not for the reports that come from Charleston, S. C. After making all due allowance for the inevitable exaggerations connected with a disaster of this kind, this much seems certain: Most of the large churches and buildings were badly shaken, and some of them perhaps rendered unsafe, portions of walls and heavy stone ornaments were thrown to the ground, several people were killed and many wounded, the inhabitants were panic-stricken, and terror reigned for forty-eight hours or more. This is an under rather than over-statement of the case.

The word "seismic" as applied to instruments for determining disturbances of the earth's surface, has appeared frequently of late in the daily press. It is derived from a Greek verb meaning to shake. Homer applies to the sea-god the epithet "earth-shaker," and uses this verb.

The following facts about earthquakes are of interest: It is estimated that 12 or 13 earthquakes occur somewhere on the earth's surface every month. 60,000 people perished in the great earthquake at Lisbon in 1755. It is estimated that 13,000,000 lives have been lost from this cause since the beginning of historical accounts. Egypt has been most exempt from earthquakes. Earthquakes when they reach the coast cause tidal waves. The tidal wave at Lisbon was 60 ft. high, and carried ships several miles inland.

THE OXFORD LEAGUE.

Wesley—Apostleship.*

Like most remarkable men who have reached old age, Wesley was careful in his physical habits. Though of feeble constitution, his regularity, sustained through such great exertions and vicissitudes, produced a vigor and equanimity which are seldom the accompaniments of a laborious mind or of a distracted life. And often did he declare that he had not felt lowness of spirits one quarter of an hour since he was born; that ten thousand cares were no more weight to his mind than ten thousand hairs to his head; and that he never lost a night's sleep in his life before his seventieth year.

One of the noblest spectacles in human life is the sight of an old man sustaining his career of action or of endurance to the last, with an unwavering spirit. Such was Wesley. He sought no repose till death. Activity was the normal condition of happiness to him, as it must be to all healthful minds. After the eightieth year of his age he visited Holland twice. At the end of his eighty-second he wrote:

"I am never tired with writing, preaching, or traveling."

The scene of his preaching under trees which he had planted himself at Kingswood, and when most of his old disciples there were dead their children's children surrounded him, has perhaps no parallel in history. He outlived most of his first preachers, and stood up, mighty in intellect and labors, amid the second and third generations of his people; and it is affecting to trace him through his latter years, when persecution had subsided, and he was every-where received as a patriarch, sometimes exciting, by his arrival in towns and cities, an interest such as the king himself would produce. He attracted the largest assemblies which have been congregated for religious instruction in modern ages, being estimated sometimes at more than thirty thousand. Great physically, intellectually, and morally, when at length he died, in the eighty-eighth year of his age and sixty-fourth of his ministry, he was beyond question one of the most extraordinary men of history.

He lived to see Methodism spread through Great Britain, America, and the West India Islands. Hundreds of traveling, thousands of local, preachers, and tens of thousands of followers, were connected with him at his death. And how have they multiplied since! In our day they report about five million of communicants, twenty million of adherents. The epitaph of Sir Christopher Wren, in St. Paul's Cathedral, the work of his own genius, is applicable to Wesley's memory in almost all the Protestant world:

"Do you ask for his monument? Look around you."

Such was the life of Wesley in its outlines; a minute examination of his traits can only confirm these more striking characteristics.

As a preacher he remains a problem to us. It is well-nigh impossible to explain, at this remote day, the secret of his great power in the pulpit, apart from the divine influence that is pledged to all faithful ministers. Whitefield may be considered the chief model, if not the founder, of that popular and powerful hortatory preaching that, since his day, has been characteristic of Methodism, and which has still in our day thundered along its great American circuits, and shaken the vast multitudes of its assemblies in the wilderness and in its camp-meetings. Charles Wesley, Fletcher, and many others of the early Methodist preachers, were good examples of it—men of emotion, of passion, of tears, and of native eloquence. Wesley, perspicuous, logical, peculiarly self-possessed and calm, was nevertheless more powerful than any of them in the influence of his discourses on both the sensibilities and the understandings of his hearers. The marvelous physical effects which attended the first Methodist preaching began earlier and were more frequent under his discourses than under Whitefield's. They continued, more or less, till the end of his career. There must have been some peculiar power in his address which the records of the times have failed to describe; something more than what we can infer from the descriptions of those who heard him, and who tell us that his attitude in the pulpit was graceful and easy; his action calm and natural, yet pleasing and expressive; his voice not loud, but clear, agreeable, and masculine; his style correct and perspicuous.

Are there not some young men in your Sunday-school and Church who should be exhorting, expounding the Scriptures, or preaching in the out-of-the-way places, the school-houses, the barns, the groves of your neighborhood?

Are there not some prominent lawyers, physicians, merchants, mechanics who know the word of God, who have tasted the things of the kingdom, and who, although occupied with professional and business matters, could find time to fill a Sunday afternoon appointment, and thus increase the teaching power of your Church? It is the design of the Oxford League to promote more active Christian work.

What is the greatest Sunday of the year for our Sunday-schools? Answer: "Good Tidings Day." This year it will be Sunday, Oct. 17.

Redeem thy misspent time that's past,
And live this day as if thy last.
Improve thy talents with due care,
'Gainst the great day thyself prepare.—*Thomas Ken.*

* From Dr. Abel Stevens's "Character Sketches."

THE SCHOOL AT HOME.

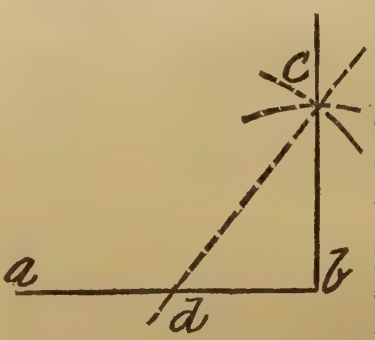
With our last lesson on exchange we shall close our study of economic problems for the present and turn to another and perhaps more generally interesting subject.

Mechanical laws are attractive topics for discussion and illustration. The effects of forces may be analyzed, the practical working of machinery explained, and a great deal of useful information derived from a study of this subject.

As a preliminary to taking up mechanics we shall have a few lessons in simple mechanical drawing. There are certain rules derived from the science of geometry which every boy and girl should understand in their practical applications.

As to the apparatus for drawing, a ruler, a lead-pencil, a piece of string, and a strong pin will answer very well, although of course it would be better if the pupil could supply himself with a pair of drawing compasses, in place of the pin and string. We shall state a number of problems, and then proceed to answer them by means of simple figures.

Problem I. *How to draw one line at right angles to another:*



Given line *a b*. Required to draw a line from *b* at right angles to line *a b*, that is, making a square corner at *b*.

Measure from *b* along the line *a b* 3 in. and make a mark at *d*. Drive the pin in at *d*, and fasten one end of the string to it. Then 5 in. from the pin tie a loop in the string and put the pencil point through it. Now, holding the string tight, draw with the pencil point a dotted portion of a circle above the point *b*.

Again put the pin at *b*, and make the loop 4 in. in the string from it, and draw another partial circle, cutting the other at a point *c*. Draw a line from *c* to *b* and it will be at right angles to the line *a b*. These numbers are the best for fine work, but for larger measurements other sets will, made by doubling these numbers, bring the same result:

d b = 3 or 6 or 12, etc.
d c = 5 or 10 or 20, etc.
b c = 4 or 8 or 16, etc.

The practical use of this principle is evident. Suppose you wish to saw off the end of a board and have no square. A few moments with compass and ruler gives you your line as true as square will make.

If you are nailing an upright post and are not sure that it is perpendicular, measure out from its base 6 in. and up the post 8 in., and then see if it is just 10 in. from point to point.

In many ways this rule will help you, and when we come to drawing a square you will see its application.

We wish to say distinctly that we are not now studying geometry, but are simply taking ready-made some geometrical laws and putting them to a practical use.

Solid Information.

We take from an exchange the following compact paragraph, which reads a little like a dictionary as far as connection is concerned, but which contains, nevertheless, some facts that may be of interest to our readers:

A pace is 3 feet. A span is 10⅞ inches. One fathom is 6 feet. A palm is 3 inches. There are 1,750 languages. Two persons die every second. A storm moves 36 miles per hour. One mile is 1,760 yards in length. One square mile contains 640 acres. The average life is 31 years. One barrel of flour weighs 196 pounds. Sound moves 1,118 feet per second. One barrel of pork weighs 200 pounds. Slow rivers flow 4 miles per hour. One acre contains 4,840 square yards. A hurricane moves 80 miles per hour. Light moves 186,000 miles per second. One firkin of butter weighs 56 pounds. A hand (horse measure) is 4 inches. Rapid rivers flow 7 miles per hour. Moderate winds blow 7 miles per hour. The first use of the locomotive in this country was in 1829. The first almanac was printed by George von Purbach in 1460. The first steam-engine was brought from England in 1753. Until 1776 cotton-spinning was done by the hand spinning-wheel. The first printing-press in the United States was introduced in 1629. Two hundred and nine feet on each side make a square acre within an inch.

The Journalist.

The Journalist is a model paper in more ways than one. It gives its editors a summer vacation, which is more than most papers do. While other editors have been working on through heat and dust, the editors of *The Journalist* have enjoyed idleness and recreation among the mountains, at the sea-side, or on the shores of some inland lake.

Come, ye rested ones, and resume your duties. *The Journalist*, No. 4, must soon appear. The type, press, and printers are ready and waiting. October 16 is the date of its appearance, and by Saturday, October 2, all contributions must reach Our Youth, Plainfield, N. J.

The departments are as follows:

Editorial. On any subject. 250 *words.*

Poem. Sixteen lines on any subject. Incident preferred.

Press Notices. Fictitious notices of *The Journalist*, purporting to come from half a dozen leading papers. 200 *words.*

Illustrated Biographical Sketch. Life of any prominent public man, accompanied by original sketch of his face from a photograph or picture. 200 *words.*

[*Note.*—The drawings should be in India ink on white card-board. They should be at least 4 in. x 4 in., and should be sent *flat*, not folded or rolled.]

☞ **The drawing must reach us by Wednesday, September 29.**

Story. A well-written, compact story of 400 *words.*

Reporter's Article. Description of an imaginary fire. Scene at the conflagration, gallant rescue, etc. 250 *words.*

An Interview. Best interview with a railroad engineer, street-car driver, or letter-carrier about his work. 250 *words.*

Puzzle Department. Original riddles and acrostics. 200 *words.*

CONDITIONS.

1. The contributions must be in promptly by October 2 (the sketch by September 29).
2. The writing must be on only one side of the paper.
3. No manuscripts returned unless accompanied by stamps.

The successful contestant in each department will receive a book as a prize.

RECREATION.

[*In this department we shall describe games old and new, for in-doors and out. Suggestions and comments from our subscribers will be welcome.*]

RIDING.

To those of our readers who have access to saddle-horses we wish to say a few words about riding. There is no form of exercise at once more beneficial and invigorating than riding a kind but mettled horse. There is something inspiring in feeling the play of limbs and muscles beneath you, as on a quick, easy trot, or at a bounding gallop, you fly over a country road on a fresh, cool summer morning.

In England, where riding is still a favorite pastime with men of wealth and fashion, good riders are numerous, but it is a deplorable fact that the few who appear on our streets or in our parks are not, as a rule, good horsemen. Fat gentlemen are advised by their physicians to ride in the hope of reducing their flesh, and wobble about to their own torture and to the spectators' delight. Men of sedentary habits, feeling the need of exercise, take an hour's drive as they would a dose of medicine, and are "shaken well by taking" it.

Whoever tries to ride should try to ride well, securely, and gracefully. There is a good deal of cheap advice about the different accomplishments. One tells the timid student of swimming "to strike out and try to sink, and he'll be all right," and he usually succeeds in sinking beyond his most sanguine expectations. The novice in riding is told to imagine himself a part of the horse, and grow to him. This all sounds well enough, but it will not work successfully.

First of all the rider should have his stirrup-straps just the right length. If they are too short he will have his knees high up, and if they are too long he will feel as though he were astride of a fence without foothold.

The rider should be able to sit erect, with knees slightly bent and the heel on a line with the shoulder and the hip. The ball of the foot should rest in the stirrup, never the hollow in front of the heel. The knees should be pressed against the horse's flanks firmly, but gently, so that in case of a sudden shy or bolt the rider will not lose his seat. The curb-rein should be knotted and left on the neck, unless the horse is unusually restive, and the other rein held firmly in the right hand. Never guide with both hands. A well-trained saddle-horse guides by the neck, and a touch of the rein to one side or the other will change the direction immediately.

It is a sign of clumsiness and inexperience to push the feet out in front, or to spread them widely from the horse's flanks. The knees should be bent and the feet held parallel to the horse's sides. It is inexcusable to crook the elbows out and pump them up and down. The reins should be held in one hand, and the elbow of the same arm should be kept closely at the side. The other arm ought to hang easily at the side.

In trotting one should bend forward slightly, and on the run or gallop the inclination should be a little to the rear. It is impossible to sit upon a horse as though one were glued to him, and it is foolish to try it. The body should not be held rigid, but should yield as much as possible to the movements of the horse. The cow-boys of the West are easy but not graceful riders, and habitually ignore most of the rules we have mentioned; but there are several other respects in which these cattle-driving gentry are not models.

LAKE MINNETONKA, MINN.

EDITOR OF OUR YOUTH:

Five of us boys are in camp here, and we are having a splendid time. We are trying to be military, and one of us is on guard most of the time with an old rusty musket. It wont go off, but it looks as if it would, and is as heavy as a cannon.

Talking about things going off reminds me of our soup. We had two cans of soup all ready to heat. The store-keeper told us to just put them on the fire and then cut them open and pour out the hot soup.

We put on a can, and in about fifteen minutes there was the awfulest explosion, and that can disappeared. We didn't know what to make of it, until we looked carefully at the other can. It said on the label, "Make a hole in the can before heating."

We have learned something anyway. Jim says he is going to write to the canning company to put safety-valves on their canned soups. May be he'll get it patented. Yours truly,

THE GRENADIERS.

OUR GIRLS.

[*Contributions appropriate for this department, descriptions of fancy work, candy making, games, etc., are solicited from our readers.*]

THE KATY-DID SOCIETY.—VI.

BY MARY H. MATHER.

"Now, Katherine, we are all ready for the Audubon Society," said Kate the following Saturday, as the Katies drew their chairs around the open fire. "Give us all the information that you possess."

"As I told you last week," answered Katherine, "I wrote to the Secretary of the Audubon Society, 40 Park Row, New York, and he very kindly sent me the documents which you see. Here is their printed circular, of four pages, giving a statement of their object, plan of work, terms of membership, and suggestions for local work. Then here are the pledges, one for each of you."

Katherine read:

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY,
FOR THE PROTECTION OF BIRDS.

FOUNDED FEBRUARY, 1886.

The objects of the Society are to prevent, as far as possible—(1.) The killing of any wild bird not used for food. (2.) The taking or destroying of the eggs or nests of any wild birds. (3.) The wearing of the feathers of wild birds.

DIRECTIONS.

This pledge, when signed, must be returned to the Local Secretary, who will transmit it to the Society, and receive in turn the Certificate of Membership to which its signer is entitled. Where no Local Secretary has been appointed (the Society wishes to have one in every town), applicants for membership may send their pledges directly to the Society. In no case will a Certificate of Membership be issued before the receipt of the signed pledges.

The signing of any of the pledges will qualify one for membership in the Society. It is earnestly desired that each member may sign all of the pledges. Beyond the promise contained in the pledge no obligation nor responsibility is incurred. There are no fees, no dues, nor any expenses of any kind. There are no conditions as to age.

Address The Audubon Society, No. 40 Park Row, New York City.

THE AUDUBON SOCIETY PLEDGES.

PLEDGE NO. 1.—I pledge myself not to kill, wound nor capture any wild bird not used for food so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, the killing, wounding, or capture of birds by others.

PLEDGE NO. 2.—I pledge myself not to rob, destroy, nor in any way disturb or injure the nest or eggs of any wild bird so long as I remain a member of the Audubon Society; and I promise to discourage and prevent, so far as I can, such injury by others.

PLEDGE NO. 3.—I pledge myself not to make use of the feathers of any wild bird as ornaments of dress or household furniture, and by every means in my power to discourage the use of feathers for decorative purposes.

I, ..., *of* ....., *State of* .....,

hereby subscribe to the above pledges Nos. .....

Witness my hand this ..... *day of* ....., *A. D.* 1886.

(*Signed*).....

"Now, girls," went on Katherine, earnestly, "I have read carefully this circular and these pledges, and it seems to me that the K. D. S. ought to help on the work in every way that it can. You know we said we would discover all the kinds of things that girls could do, and I am sure that here is one."

"Alas for my winter hat!" sighed Kittie, with a thought of her row of little birds.

"O, as to that," answered Katherine, "if you must have feathers there is always the ostrich to fall back upon, as its feathers do not count."

"And it seems to me," added Katrina, "that if women would only realize how inartistic and unnatural birds and stiff wings look tacked to a background of colored felt or velvet, the cause of this society might be advanced."

"Katrina," exclaimed Kate, "here is a chance to make your fortune. Invent some sort of hat and bonnet trimming that will take the place of the inartistic bird. Make it fashionable and take us all to Europe on the financial result. I will adopt it, I promise—yes, even should it consist of string-beans or of golden carrots."

But even as she spoke Kate took one of the pledges and, slipping it into her pocket, said,

"I'll read it over 'for my own self,' as Ned says, and let you know the verdict next time," and each of the other Katies did likewise.

THE OUTSIDE WORLD.

Queensland.

(Area, 668,224 sq. miles; population, 301,577; Colonial Governor, Sir Anthony Musgrave.)

QUEENSLAND, like Victoria and South Australia, was originally included in the British colony of New South Wales, from which it was separated in 1859. It has a coast-line of 2,250 miles, which receives numerous rivers, many of which are navigable. The dividing range of mountains retreats from the ocean, leaving a well-watered coast region of great fertility. The high plains of the interior are generally well watered, and adapted for agriculture. Each successive exploration discloses new sources of prosperity. The climate is warm, but even in the most northern portions the nights are cool, and the atmosphere health-giving.

The first settlement of the colony was by British convicts in 1825. The population has steadily increased, without showing those sudden influences which have marked the history of Victoria and New South Wales. Brisbane is the chief city, other towns being Rockhampton, Maryborough, and Ipswich. There is no State Church, but about one third of the colonists are connected with the Church of England. Education is compulsory, but the law is not generally enforced, and 30 per cent. of the population can neither read nor write. Most of the colonists are descendents of Europeans, but there are 12,000 Chinese and 6,000 Polynesians. Grazing is the chief industry, and wool is the staple product. Tallow and hides are also exported. Agriculture is spreading, and corn, cotton, and sugar are raised with profit. Gold is the chief mineral product, and coal, tin, copper, and lead are also found in paying quantities.

In 1883 there were 1,500 miles of railroads in Queensland, all being under government control. The postal service is efficient, and there are 6,654 miles of telegraph lines, which, like the railroads, are operated by the state. The government of the colony was established by act of Parliament in 1859. The legislative power is vested in a council, the members of which are appointed by the crown, and an assembly chosen by the people. The governor is appointed by the crown.

Gladstone's Pamphlet.

EMINENT among the many qualities which mark Mr. Gladstone for leadership is his skill as a writer. His pen is nearly as powerful as his voice, and his written words reach thousands who must miss the magic of his speech. The richness and power of the voice are matched by the clearness and logic of his writings, and he has explained every important act in his political career in pamphlets which are worthy of study, not only for the opinions which they express, but for the excellence of their style.

Mr. Gladstone's latest pamphlet is entitled "The Irish Question," and consists of two parts: "The History of an Idea" and "Lessons of the Election." The first division is a personal defense. The author states the charges against him in the form of a dilemma. His opponents declared "either that he had conceived the intention of Home Rule precipitately, or that he had concealed it unduly." His reply is that he had for years considered and approved Home Rule upon certain conditions and within certain limits. The conditions upon which the Home Rule idea could be entertained were these: (1.) The failure of the British Parliament to govern Ireland. (2.) The demand for Home Rule by the majority of Irishmen. (3.) The maintenance of the unity and security of the empire. (4.) The plan adopted for Ireland must be capable of extension to Scotland. The question, moreover, should not be made a party measure, and should be handled with promptness as soon as the moment for action arrived.

By citations from his speeches Mr. Gladstone proves that his course has been consistent with the principles stated above. He also denies the charge of concealment, and declares that what his enemies choose to call precipitancy in bringing the Home Rule bill before the last Parliament was in reality a commendable promptitude in acting at the first moment when the subject could be safely dealt with.

In the second division of the pamphlet the author critically examines the results of the late elections, and concludes: (1.) That as the Tory party, with all the conditions favorable, has failed to secure a majority of Parliament, so Toryism unaided can never expect to win a decisive victory in Great Britain. (2.) That even in this Parliament there is a prevailing belief in the expediency of some measure of Home Rule. (3.) While admitting that the unpopularity of the bill proposing to buy out the Irish landlords served to defeat the bill for an Irish legislature, the author defends the land-purchase measure as both just and necessary. (4.) The author believes that Home Rule would be a restoration rather than an innovation. (5.) Believing that in the near future Home Rule will be granted by one party or the other, he exhorts all Liberals to support the measure, from whatsoever party it may originate. In conclusion, Mr. Gladstone commends Ireland for the moderation and legality of her demands, and predicts the speedy and certain fulfillment of her hopes.

The Earthquake at Charleston.

ON the evening of August 31 the eastern portion of the United States experienced a succession of earthquake shocks, the most destructive which have visited this region since its settlement by Europeans. The tremors of the earth's surface were observed at different points from the lakes to the gulf and from the Mississippi to the Atlantic coast. The vibrations were the most intense in Georgia and South Carolina, and it was in Charleston, the largest city of the latter State, that the greatest damage was done. Charleston is a city of 60,000 inhabitants, situated on the long and narrow tongue of land at the confluence of the Ashley and Cooper Rivers, at the head of a harbor about seven miles from the ocean. The city is well built, and has a large commerce, both coastwise and foreign. Persons who were in Charleston during the disturbance say that a low, rumbling sound, heard a few minutes before ten o'clock in the evening, was the first sign of the approaching convulsion. The sound rapidly increased in volume, and was accompanied by a jarring motion which caused dishes and windows to rattle, bells to ring, and then, growing in magnitude, caused buildings to reel, and brought down chimneys and towers. The frightened people rushed into the streets to escape the falling bricks and timbers, and sought refuge on vessels and in the public parks and open lots. Overturned stoves and lamps resulted in several fires, but the water-mains were uninjured, and the firemen were able to prevent a general conflagration. A second shock followed the first at an interval of a few minutes, and though less severe than its predecessor it served to increase the panic of the multitudes in the streets. The more superstitious among them believed that the end of the world had come, and their prayers were mingled with the cries of excited men. Not until morning dawned did the throngs again seek their shattered dwellings. They found walls twisted and cracked, roofs and verandas fallen in, and chimneys shaken down. The streets were cumbered with debris, from beneath which were taken the dead bodies of some thirty persons who had been unable to escape. The railroads entering the city were crippled by the destruction of bridges and embankments and by the twisting and spreading of the tracks. Telegraph and telephone wires were prostrate and broken, and the city was for some hours without communication with the outer world. No accurate statement of the damage to property can now be given, but it is estimated at from five to ten million dollars.

Within a few days of this earthquake there were notable disturbances of the earth's surface in other portions of the globe. The Excelsior, the largest of the many geysers in the Yellowstone Park, suddenly began to spout vigorously after four years of inactivity, and at the very hour when the soil of Charleston was heaving several distinct earthquake shocks were noticed in Asia Minor, five thousand miles away, and only a few days before the neighboring islands of the Grecian Archipelago were terribly shaken. Vesuvius sprang all at once into active eruption, and a new volcanic crater appeared on an island in the Mediterranean Sea, near the coast of Tunis. These facts cannot be mere coincidences, and they go to confirm the theory that earthquakes are caused by the action of the molten masses of the earth's interior and by the slipping of the rocky strata of which the crust of the earth is composed.

A Brief Survey.

IT was again reported, Aug. 31, that Geronimo, the renegade Apache, whose band has been pursued by U. S. troops for a year, was ready to surrender on the condition that his own life and that of his followers might be spared.——Judge Manning, of Louisiana, succeeds Henry R. Jackson as U. S. Minister to Mexico.——The reduction of the national debt for August was $1,901,699 02.——An artesian well at Belle Plaine, Iowa, struck a subterranean stream which discharged 5,000,000 gallons of water daily, doing some damage to property before the flow could be checked.——Several cases of a disease supposed to be yellow fever have occurred at Biloxi, Miss., and several ports have established quarantine upon vessels coming from that place. A committee of the Louisiana Board of Health has investigated the cases, and reported that they are malarial fever.——C. S. Wolfe, who led the Independent Republicans a few years ago in Pennsylvania, has accepted the Prohibitionist nomination for governor of that State, and will conduct a vigorous canvass.

China is reported to have sent a naval force to Korea to resist a threatened Russian invasion.——Many Christians have been massacred in Cochin China.——Gen. Sir Redvers Buller, of the British army, has been sent to County Kerry, the scene of much of the Irish land trouble. He is said to be clothed with full power to preserve order by the use of both civil and military agencies.—— Jamaica, in the West Indies, was visited by a hurricane, Aug. 19, which greatly damaged the growing crops of pimento, coffee, and bananas, blew down buildings, and interrupted telegraphic communication.——Mr. Parnell opposes the voting of supplies for the government until Parliament has done something to relieve the distress among the tenant farmers of Ireland.——It is authoritatively reported that Alexander of Bulgaria has abdicated. It is expected that he will go to England. The Duke of Oldenburg is spoken of as his probable successor.

Publishers' Department.

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We ought to have *five hundred thousand* subscribers in the Methodist Episcopal Church alone, but our present aim is to secure at least fifty thousand, and we want our old subscribers to help us. Even a list as large as that will probably enable us to *illustrate* OUR YOUTH, and perhaps make some other improvements. NOW IS THE HARVEST TIME, and the size of the harvest will depend entirely on how prompt and active and persistent the reapers are. All OUR YOUTH needs is to be presented. It makes friends wherever it goes. The next two volumes will be still better than the first two. The prospectus will appear before long.

We hope to see the names come pouring in right along from this time in a rapidly increasing stream. Send them on as fast as you get them, and don't forget to send your own *renewal* first of all.

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☞ *You will find it to your advantage to mention* OUR YOUTH *in replying to this advertisement.*

THE SEA SERPENT

has taken Horace Greeley's advice, and has decided to "Go West!" He was seen some time ago on the Massachusetts coast, so it is reported, and a few days ago some boatmen on the Hudson River caught his glittering eye, his head being raised six feet above the water level, and were actually pursued by the monster—at least so they say. No doubt he still pursues his onward way westward.

If, however, any of our fair readers along the shores of the great lakes are troubled and rendered uneasy by the possibility of an encounter with the beast, we will venture an effort to relieve their fears by suggesting that there is still an element of doubt and uncertainty as to the whereabouts of the creature.

There is one thing, however, about which the readers of this paper need have no feeling of doubt or uncertainty. They can surely depend upon it OUR YOUTH is now approaching the conclusion of its first year. The new volume will begin December 1, 1886. It will continue its weekly visits to you through the ensuing year, PROVIDED you send on your RENEWAL in time. Let us urge you to do so AT ONCE, and so avoid the rush and delay at the close of the year.

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"Haste thee, nymph, and bring with thee
Jest and youthful jollity."—*Milton.*

—Brown—"What's the matter with you and Robinson, Dumley? I hear that he has threatened to pull your ears the first chance he gets."

Dumley (jumping up and down)—"He will, will he? Pull my ears? Well, I can tell you, he'll have his hands full!"—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Child (about to be spanked)—"O, mamma dear, do wait till winter; it makes me so warm in summer!"—*Boston Transcript.*

—What Would be a Good Name.—"What would be a good name for an Anarchist's wife?" asked the snake editor.

"Don't know; what would?" asked the horse editor.

"Well, I think Dinah might."—*Pittsburg Chronicle-Telegraph.*

—"Bah Jove, Charley," said a young man at a ball, "Miss S. asked me if I wouldn't be kind enough to bring her some coffee, and, don't ye know, we've never been introduced. What do you think of that, eh?"

"What do I think of it?" replied Charley. "Why, I think she mistook you for one of the waiters."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Artist—"Why have you made my coat out of this piece and not from that I ordered?"

Tailor—"That would cost half as much again."

Artist—"What of that? I didn't ask you what it cost."

Tailor—"True, you haven't even asked me yet how much the coat cost I made for you last year."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—Stranger (at watering-place resort)—"What is that enormous building across the way?"

Guide—"That's a hotel."

Stranger—"And that large handsome brick structure?"

Guide—"That's the club house, sir."

Stranger—"I see. Well, what's that long, odd-looking building behind the inclosure?"

Guide—"The grand stand at the race-course."

Stranger—"O, yes. It's all very beautiful, but I should think the authorities would remove that unsightly little frame building adjoining the hotel away from the main thoroughfare. It mars the general effect. What is it? Some sort of a hen house?"

Guide—"No, sir. That's a church."—*N. Y. Sun.*

—Wife—"Why do you always get such ugly men to carry our baggage? This one has a long red nose."

Husband—"Don't you see? If he runs off with the valise, the police will catch him easy enough."—*Fliegende Blätter.*

—"I see," he said, as he met an old soldier comrade at the city hall yesterday, "that our generals are having a hot dispute as to which of them contributed the most to save the day at Gettysburg. You were there, I believe?"

"Yes, but I have no right to talk."

"For why?"

"Because I was simply a private soldier, and only had three bullets shot into me."—*Detroit Free Press.*

—"I'm looking for employment," said a young man entering a merchant's office.

"You are, hey? Well, you'll find it in the dictionary over there—er—among the E's."—*Tidbits.*

—Druggist—"Well, my little man, what can I do for you?"

Boy—"I want ten cents' worth of cochineal and five cents' worth of hayseed."

Druggist—"What do you want cochineal and hayseed for?"

Boy—"Me mudder is makin' some strawberry ice-cream for the church picnic."—*New York Times.*

—"Yes," said the mother, "Mary is very ambitious. She vows she will marry a foreign count or some grandee of some kind, and she wants to be accomplished."

"Accomplished?"

"Yes. Nothing will satisfy her short of being fitted to become the wife of a nobleman."

"And are you educating her?"

"Yes; I am teaching her how to wash and iron."—*Boston Courier.*

—We have a good many rising young men in this country, but somehow you don't notice them in the crowded horse-car, unless the woman who wants to get on has more than an ordinary share of youth and beauty.—*Somerville Journal.*

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